



## The Liberator.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 16, 1859.

## THE INAUGURATION OF THE WEBSTER STATUE.

none—blessing all, cursing none. And what we cannot do by means strictly consistent with truth, justice and charity to all mankind, we pray for heavenly grace to leave undone. But we have no doubt whatever of the triumph of right over wrong, and 'good over evil, and all the sooner as mankind cease to oppose evil with evil.'

From the Ohio Anti-Slavery Bugle.

## A CAUSE FOR COMPLAINT.

The *True American*, (Erie, Pa.) thinks the political abolitionists have cause for complaint in the action of the Whig element in the Republican party in that vicinity. We shouldn't wonder. Those who go down to Egypt after chariots and horsemen will be very apt to find, in time, that they are but menials in the Conqueror's camp. It is not impossible that other sections may take up the lamentation, though perhaps Whig will dictate continued silence. Hear what the *American* says:

'It was, of course, exceedingly proper that the Whigs should come in a body to the Republicans, for certainly the latter desired increase of numbers and influence. But was there not a tribe of the "see how we apples swim" about it? Have not the Whigs absorbed the Republicans, instead of the Republicans absorbing the Whigs? So far as leadership and the bestowment of offices and the enjoyment of the spoils are concerned, has there been much more than a formal transfer of platforms and a change of names? Has there been and is there now that careful and due recognition of all factions and divisions in the formation of Committees, in the emoluments of physicians, and in the distribution of offices, which the Whigs demand, and which justice demands? We are forced to answer in the negative. We are not disposed to be captious and fault-finding. We but revert to these facts which are patent to all observers, and which, out of regard for the harmony of the party, have been smothered and suppressed, not to disorganize or disturb, but merely with a view to their correction in the future. It is in order to secure and promote harmony and good feeling in our ranks, that we call attention to these notorious truths, and ask for a change of policy.'

This is an extraordinary letter, both in regard to its sweeping denunciations of the whole body of 'Jerry Rescuers,' and the contempt it pourches upon the annual celebration of that event. At the first celebration, the following resolution, written by Mr. Smith, was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the rescue of Jerry being of incalculable value, as an efficient teacher and practical founder of sound doctrines in regard to law, and slavery, and kidnapping, should be celebrated every year, until there shall no longer be a wrench to do to a kidnapper, and no longer be a slaveholder to give employment to a kidnapper.

Respectfully your friend, GERRIT SMITH.

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Is there any personal irritation of mind in this letter of Mr. S., arising from the few votes he received?

From the London Anti-Slavery Advocate for September.

## MISS REMOND IN BRISTOL.

Wednesday evening, a lecture was delivered at the Athenaeum, by Miss Remond, (a colored lady,) on 'Negro Slavery in America.' This lady (whose father is a native of one of the French West India Islands, who has been settled by boyhood in the free state of Massachusetts) has been engaged for some time in the gratuitous advocacy of the claims of her fellow-countrymen. Nothing can be more pleasing or ladylike than her appearance and address—the calmness of her delivery adding no little weight to a statement of wrongs calculated to rouse the indignation of every heart. It is understood that to such a woman, claiming at once by her mental abilities, the most gross and cruel insults have been continually offered in theatres, and churches, and public carriages in the free States of America, our regret and sympathy are no less awakened for the sufferer than our indignation against the oppressor.

The Chairman (Christopher Thomas, Esq.) observed that the subject of slavery was one on which he was sure of the sympathy of an English audience. There were no differences of feeling amongst us as to the wrongs of the race of whom the lady now had the honor of introducing to them stood forward to-night as the representative and advocate.

Miss Remond commenced her address by observing that, while the English nation sympathises deeply with the wrongs of the slave, the actual condition of the negro race, and its relative proportion to the white population of America, were not immediately understood. There are about the time 15 slave States containing 346,000 slaveholders and about 4,000,000 slaves. Throughout the whole Union, there are scattered nearly half a million of free negroes. The remaining white population of the slave States, mainly consisting of the degraded class of poor whites, outnumbers the slaveholders in the proportion of 17 to 1. It would seem at first sight incredible that this miserable minority of 346,000 slaveholders should exercise the enormous power they possess, in fact the actual supremacy over the whole people of America. At the same time that they enslave 4,000,000 blacks, they produce a degradation morally not inferior to that of slavery among the poor whites; and throughout the free States themselves, they sway the legislature, procure the passing of acts like the Fugitive Slave Law in Congress, and place their nominee, Mr. Buchanan, in the presidential chair. That a body not amounting to a third of a million should be able to acquire such importance in a democratic republic numbering 30,000,000, is marvelously indeed. The slaves are sought in the form of combined action among men, and by united efforts, and in the extraordinary principle which gives to each slaveholder votes for Congress in the proportion of three to every five slaves in his possession.

Miss Remond proceeded to detail a number of interesting cases of the escape of slaves, and related anecdotes of the 'Underground Railway,' of which she herself had been witness. In conclusion, she called especially on the women of England to sympathize in the atrocious wrongs of the colored women of America, who are sold for the basest purposes, their value of the auction-block being raised by every quality of beauty, talent, piety, and goodness which should have commanded the respect and tenderness of their fellow-creatures. A slave who can be 'warranted' to be an earnest Christian is thereby insured with the value of many added dollars!

Thomas Corwin, the lawyer, falling at his feet to beseech him for the love of God, to protect her, would take her in, or would he deliver her and her little one up again to misery and chains? Why doesn't one ask Mr. Corwin this question, and demand a public answer, when he makes such assertions as the above? What is the use of a multitude of honest men silently listening to such a sentiment—a sentiment at which humanity shudders—

—a sentiment which every one of them individually rejects, and in uttering which they know the speaker is dishonest—is either a falsifier or a brute? In the name of that Humanity to which all men belong, what can be the design of such utterances?

Even William Dennison, the Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio, took special occasion, in a late public speech, to declare that a statement made by a Democratic paper, to the effect that he had at some previous time declared that if elected Governor of Ohio, he would let no fugitive be returned to slavery from that State, if he had to employ the bayonet or fire-arms, it was a libel and malicious lie. Oh, what a pity it was not a truth! Will any man honor William Dennison because it was a lie? Why should intelligent men so mistake human nature?

## LETTER FROM GERRIT SMITH.

PETERBORO', August 27, 1859.

JOHN THOMAS, Esq., Syracuse, Chairman of the Jerry's Ferry Committee.

MY DEAR SIR: I have this day received your letter, inviting me to preside at the approaching anniversary of the Rescue of Jerry, and to prepare the papers for it. Thankful for this honor as I truly am, nevertheless I am constrained to decline it. I have presided at all the anniversaries of this important event, and written the address adopted at each of them. But my interest in them has declined greatly for the past three or four years; and I am now considerably of the opinion that it is unwise to continue to repeat the farce any longer.

The Rescue of Jerry was a great and glorious event. Would to God it had been duly honored! But those who achieved it, and I include in this number all who cheered it on and rejoiced in every step of its progress, have, with few exceptions, proved themselves unworthy of the work of their own hands. We delivered Jerry in the face of the authority of Congress and court; and, as most of us believed, in contempt also of a provision of the Constitution itself. We delivered him, believing that there was no law and could be no law for slavery. On that occasion our humanity was up; and in vain would all the authorities on earth, even the Bible itself, have bid it down. Our humanity owned Jerry for its brother; and so did it cling to him, that all the wealth of the world would not have sufficed to buy it off, or tempt it to ignore and betray him.

Oh, had the thousands who, on that memorable night, crowded the streets of Syracuse, but maintained that sublime elevation to which the spirit of the night exalted them, what a force for the overthrow of slavery would they not have accumulated by this time! But they soon fell from it. They soon sank down to the low level of their political and church parties. Jerry was forgotten. Their humanity was dead—for these parties are the graves of humanity. In proportion as a man becomes a partisan is his manhood lost—for that proportion is he untrue to himself, to his brother, and to God. That day, also, how dwelt? when every one shall be held, and be willing to be held, to his individuality, shall witness an unspeakably better condition of things than does this, in which men act in parties, and stand in the strength of parties; and in which the vaguely and feebly felt responsibilities of party take the place of the definite and deeply conscientious responsibilities of individual. When our countrymen shall have risen to this higher plane of character, there will be Christians instead of Baptists, Methodists and Presbyterians; and Patriots instead of Republicans, Democrats and native Americans.

Of the thousands who, on the glorious night to which we have referred, were actuated by justice and mercy, probably not less than nine-twentieths fell, immediately after, under those ecclesiastical or political party influences which had previously swayed and shrivelled them. Of the thousands whose motto that glorious night was, 'No law for slavery,' perhaps not a dozen have called on their

churches to adopt it, and not fifty have perseveringly refused to vote for men who recognize a law for slavery. At each of our anniversaries, the resolutions and addresses, and the discussion upon them, have been in harmony with the high and holy principles on which Jerry was rescued. Nevertheless, the vast majority of those who enjoyed the anniversary returned home to act with their pro-slavery parties in Church and State.

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THE UNITARIAN 'SUSPENSE OF FAITH.' Henry W. Bellows, a prominent D. D. in the city of New York, of the Unitarian denomination, recently delivered an address to the Alumni of the Divinity School of Harvard University, entitled 'The Suspense of Faith.' It contains numerous revelations and confessions of the present stagnant condition of that sect; adding another testimony to the rottenness of the American Church. We notice it, not in the interest of Unitarianism, or of any party or school, but in the love of Truth and Humanity, to draw it from a soul.

The discourse sums up the condition of the denomination in the following rather contradictory language:—Spite of increasing numbers and increasing moral vitality, of growing earnestness and activity, of larger acceptance and easier advance, there is an undeniably chill in the missionary zeal, an undeniable apathy in the denominational life of the body; with general prosperity, in short, there is despondency, self-questioning and anxiety.

The explanation of this 'loss of interest' and 'languor' is given under three heads, viz. 'Particular, General, and Universal reasons.' This article proposes to notice only the first and second reasons, leaving the 'third' and the consequent propositions of the address for a future day.

The first and 'Particular reason' of the lethargic condition of this wing of the Church is stated thus:—

'The indifference to increasing our ministers and our churches is very much due to the conviction that many ministers and churches, of all names and orders, are now doing our work so directly, yet more thoroughly than we could do it ourselves. Is not the work of emancipating the community from bigotry and superstition, so much more rapidly and successfully carried on by political and democratic methods, in the press and the public press, than our vocation in this direction is mostly gone?'

Those others are working industriously in the vineyard, surely, *no valid reason* why the Unitarians should lose interest in the work, and incline to disband. Mr. Bellows, probably, would confess; yet he states the reason with a complacency that almost endores its soundness. It would seem natural, that a co-operation so general as he claims should encourage an earnest laborer, kindle new zeal, and infuse fresh vigor into his body. If the Unitarians are really 'paralyzed' by considerations so cheering; if they become indifferent, because 'the spirit of the country, the age, and the Church is working with them,' it is an indication that they have been hitherto moved more by a spirit of antagonism, a fondness for negations, than by a deep-rooted love of affirmative principles; that they have enlisted out of ambition for battle and victory, for the sake of *conquering* rather than *liberating* mankind. This charge has been frequently brought against them, but has been invariably met with the noble affirmations of the 'rights of conscience,' 'freedom of inquiry,' 'rationality of method and practical views of religion'; by the assertion of the 'Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of Man,' and the 'dignity of human nature.' Why are they now disheartened, unnerved? Why losing power and influence? Is it not because they have failed to their principles, and sentiments, and the TRUTH remains. Human nature and God are left.

The author of the Address chooses to judge the religious character of the age from an inspection of those outside the 'church'; and, with a slightly aristocratic pose of his paragraphs, alludes to 'unthinking, unspeculative, unconscious masses,' and a body of citizens without religious prejudices, that is, for the masses, without religious ideas.' He infers an 'unreligious age' as much from absence of church-going; the deepening hostility of all States to established churches; the disjunction between science and faith, literature and theology; the popularity of all attacks upon the clergy; the acceptance and elevation of those ministers, understood to be suspected and disesteemed by the rest; the growing use of the Sabbath for recreation—not, as abroad, under the smile of the Church, but in direct contempt of its frown; the popular and applauded hostility of the philanthropy of the day to the churches, as from the easy conscience of the people in the profound secularity of their lives; the frequency of suicide; and the defence of 'scorbutic love'; as if religion consisted in going to church, seeking its smile, praising its clergy, hating its heretics, and hugging its 'Holy Ghost.'

Perhaps a peep into the church might throw some light upon the 'un-religious' character of the age. Perhaps it might reveal the spiritual father of the segregation that 'goes to church nowhere.' Perhaps it might discover the cause of many other ills the age is heir to. Perhaps it might teach us that a theology based upon mere assumptions, at variance with science and the known laws of the material world, scornful of human reason and 'logical products,' is not calculated to command the respect of men learned in the mechanism of the physical creation, and studious of its methods. Perhaps it would suggest that the literary men are not attracted to a creed and discipline, that scoff at the fruits of fancy and the works of the imagination. Perhaps it might be found that the sufficiency of the Scriptures turns out to be the infirmity of man, and the right of private judgment an absolute independence of Bible or Church. No creed but the Scriptures, and the whole of all Scriptures but those on the human heart; nothing between a man's conscience and his God, vacates the Church; and with the Church, the Holy Ghost, whose function is usurped by private reason. The Church laps into what are called Religious Institutions; into Congregationalism, and Congregationalism into Individualism—and the logical end is the shattering of the Church as an independent institution, the denial of Christianity as a supernatural revelation, and the extinction of worship as a separate interest.

These tendencies are admitted to be strictly logical, the 'most logical product' of Unitarian ideas; yet the representative of 'rights of conscience, rationality of method, freedom of inquiry,' stands aghast before them; the whole denomination pauses in 'suspense of faith.'

Most the Unitarians eat all their grand words about human reason, and the nearness of God to the soul? Must they retrace all their invectives against Orthodox 'causal' reason, and return to the infallible authority of Scripture and the Church? Yes, they must do so; for they are losing faith in their great original announcements, because they refuse to apply them to the life of to-day. As the limbs become weakened by disease, the memory treacherous by disuse, so the mind cannot hold great principles long without using them; neither can the heart keep a truth without applying it. Already the foremost man in their ranks, having shackled the Unitarian locomotive to every Protestant car in Christendom, springs to the rear of the engine, not to let steam on the propeller, but to open the whistle valve, and with a long wild screech of alarm, signals—'Brakes down!'—a 'suspense of faith,' and points with horror-striking countenance to the mangled corpse (?) of the gifted heresies of this neighborhood, the ultimatum of Protestant negations, who has followed the 'logical path' of Unitarianism onward, (not 'round and

up,') where the 'leaders of small elevation saw'—'the absence of any more road.'

Ye of little faith, why did ye doubt? Here, too, the Infinite Wisdom had enlightened your minds to know how closely it was linked with His intelligence, and adorned with the angelic wings of freedom. You had begun to learn the peerless value of the human soul; that wherever breathed a true, living spirit, was one greater than the Temple, superior to any Scripture; for in *Him* was the word. Yet, because you foresaw that, in the way God was leading you, the Temple might be 'vacated,' not one stone left upon another—and the Scriptures, as authority, 'abolished'—'men judging of themselves what is right—and the order of the priesthood shorn of all supernatural divinity, you pause—refuse to go where God points; and the mighty throng of travellers behind press you—on and up.

Abandon a noble enterprise, because 'men of small elevation' see 'the absence of any more road!' What if Columbus, when filled with faith in the existence of Western land across the great waters, having sailed bravely on beyond sight of land, hemmed in by sky and water, seeing no way but the pathless Atlantic, had listened to the 'small' men about him—he had turned his course, leaving the setting sun in his wake—what would have become of his faith, and that of his friends, in a new world? It is Freedom's creed that cannot be avowed every where—at the North as well as the South, in Kentucky as in Ohio.

Again:

'The Democratic party hold that it is the right of the people of every State, of every territory, and of every political community within this confederacy, to decide that question of slavery' for themselves.

The declaration is false, and you know it, Mr. Douglass! The Sims case proved it to be false; and the Burns case too, which, under a Democratic administration, brought United States soldiers into Boston, to the rude shallop of their own faith, has opened a mighty Continent of Truth, and, from the timber growing there, has built a ship safe and strong to ferry over the human race. God spare his head, and heart, and arm, to pilot many a living freight across!

Both in the moral and theological field, the Unitarians have become lax, and untrue to their divine mission. If men had been as negligent in other fields of labor, the world would not have the industrial powers it possesses. Suppose the expansive force of steam had never been applied to locomotion; that, because of the tendency to explosion, Watt or Fulton had invented a suspense of faith; wondering where they will bring up at last; while the 'gifted heresies' they scorn has crossed the boisterous sea in their court-house, and ordered them to load their muskets in State street, and violently hurried the writer of this into a dungeon, because speaking 'in his own way.' In 1783, Massachusetts did try to settle this question for herself; but the Democratic party, in 1850, said she should not do it—should not abolish slavery on her own soil—but that hundreds of her citizens should be slaves, and be bound in chains by their masters in Boston, and in every other town, if the masters said so, no less than in Virginia. And so strongly did they say and do this, that the great Republican majority in the Legislature does not dare to say 'Hands off!' Yet, Mr. Douglass, you did speak one truth at Columbus, when you said, 'The Republican party hold that the Federal Government can decide the slavery question for the people of the Territories and the new States.' The Republican party of Massachusetts does, by its Legislature, refusing to annual the Fugitive Slave Bill, proclaim this doctrine; and the same party in the territory of Minnesota, by disfranchising the negro through fear that their Constitution would be rejected by Congress, (this was their only excuse,) proclaimed the same doctrine. But your assertion, that this constitutes the only difference between the Democrats and the Republicans, I was about to say is false. It may be true, that they set the example of enslaving the Indians, I would respectfully ask for proof of the other statements of Mr. Wright, before I can credit them.

I am yours, Mr. Wright's, and the slaves' friend,

HERBERT LEAVISON.

MALEDEN, Sept. 5, 1859.

MR. GARRISON: In the Liberator of Aug. 12, I notice a letter from Mr. Higginson, in which he very justly remarks, that the position of reformers is one of pecuniary responsibility; that they must be charitable in their judgment, very thorough and accurate in their facts, and never be tempted by excitement into asserting more than they can prove.

Following this letter is one from the reformer, Henry C. Wright, in which he asserts that 'these very Pilgrims were the first to set the example of selling the Indians into slavery, of getting the Indians into their power by war, plunder and treachery, and then selling them into West India slavery.' And again: 'Those Mayflower Pilgrims, by legislative enactment, seized and sold into slavery the rightful owners of the soil.' Is Mr. Wright 'thorough' and 'accurate' in his facts? So, if I shall be truly obliged to him if he will indicate to me the specific source from which he derived them. Will Mr. Wright deny that the hostility exhibited towards them by the Indians whom they first met on the Cape, was caused by the capture and enslavement of Indians previous to their voyage, and by persons of a very different stamp?

I am not thoroughly conversant with the legislative enactments of the Mayflower Pilgrims, but as I know that it is not true that they set the example of enslaving the Indians, I would respectfully ask for proof of the other statements of Mr. Wright, before I can credit them.

I am yours, Mr. Wright's, and the slaves' friend,

HERBERT LEAVISON.

FRIENDLY CRITICISM.

MR. GARRISON: The just reproof and correction given those of us who are contemptuous and extravagant in public speech, by our Br. Ballou, must produce great good. I refer to his late editorial on *Practical Christian Anti-Slavery*, which I doubt not you will transfer to your columns. (1) Of course, we are not responsible for the faults or infirmities of others, except as we neglect to obviate them. Mr. —, at times, not only hurls anathemas against his enemies, but seems to consider it right to do so, and no one on our platform objects to his vindictiveness. Mr. —, not only indulges in utter contempt and derision of others, but prides himself in such unchristian sentiments. But now our Br. of Hopedale has spoken, the atmosphere will be clearer. I feel confident that you will always welcome his sentiments on the Anti-Slavery platform, and that the errors he alludes to will be abated.

Yours truly,

W. G. BABCOCK.

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REFERENCES

Rev. E. S. Gannett, D. D., Wm. Brigham, Esq., Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Esq., Boston; Rev. George E. Ellis, D. D., Charleston; Prof. L. Agassiz, Cambridge.

Aug. 25.

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## POETRY.

THE BATTLE.  
TRANSLATED FROM SCHILLER, BY SIR R. BULWER LYTTELTON.

Heavy and solemn,  
A cloudy column,  
Through the green plain they marched and came!  
Measur'd and spread, like a table spread,  
For the wild grim dice of the iron game.  
Looks are bent on the shaking ground,  
Hearts beat hard with a knelling sound;  
Swiftly by the breast that must bear the brunt,  
Gallop the major along the front;—  
"Halt!"

And fettered they stand at the stark command,  
And the warriors, silent, halt!  
Proud in the blush of morning glowing,  
What on the hill-top shines in flowing?  
"See you the foeman's banners waving?"  
"We see by ye, children and wife!"  
Hark to the music—the tramp and strife—  
How they ring through the ranks, which they rose  
to the strife!

Thrilling they sound, with their glorious tone—  
Thrilling they go through the narrow and bone!

Brothers, God grant, when this life is o'er,  
In the life to come, that we meet once more!

See the smoke! how the lightning is cleaving asunder!

Hark! the guns, peal on peal, how they boom in their thunder!

From host to host, with kindling sound,  
The shouting signal circles round;

"Ay, shout it forth to life or death—  
Frer already breathes the breath!"

The war is waging, slaughter is raging,  
And heavy through the reeking pall

The iron death-fall!

Nearer they close,—foes upon foes,—

Ready!—from square to square it goes.

They kneel as one man, from flank to flank,  
And the fire comes sharp from the foremost rank;

Many a soldier to earth is sent,

Many a gall the ball is rent;

O'er the course before springs the hinder man,

That the line may not fail to the fearless man,

To the right, to the left, and around and around,

Death whirls in its dance on the bloody ground.

God's sunlight is quenched in the fiery fight,

Over the host falls a brooding night!

Brothers, God grant, when this life is o'er,

In the life to come, that we meet once more!

The dead men lie bathed in their weltering blood,

And the living are blind in the slippery flood,

And the feet, as they reel and slide go,

Stumble still on the corse that sleep below.

"What! Francis!"—Give Charlotte my last fare-well!

As the dying man murmurs, the thunders swell,

"I'll give—O God! are their guns so near?

Ho! comrades!—yon volley!—look sharp to the rear!

I'll give to thy Charlotte thy last farewell;

Sleep soft! where death thickest descendeth in rain,

The friend thou forsets thy side may regain!

Eitherward, eitherward reels the fight;

Darkly and more darkly day glooms into night.

Brothers, God grant, when this life is o'er,

In the life to come, that we meet once more!

From the Newburyport Herald.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

The North! the North! from out the North

What founts of light are breaking forth,

And streaming up these evening skies,

A glorious wonder to our eyes!

It mounts, it spreads, in all its state, it plays

In thousand forms, a thousand ways.

The moon, to hide her silvery crown,

Behind the hills is sinking down;

The silent stars more fixed appear,

To watch the blazing o'er their sphere.

The North! the North! ah! who can tell

What fires in thy cold bosom dwell,

Or e'er the grand arena know

Such scenery o'er the heavens to throw?

It fades! it shifts! and now appears

An army, bright with shields and spears,

That, winding in a proud array,

Up the blue heights pursue their way.

With waving plumes and banners, where

No eagle's wing e'er cleaved the air.

In serried ranks they're seen awhile;

Then, twining off, thin file,

Battalioned, now again they march

Beneath the high triumphal arch,

And while the vast pavilion spreads,

Gold-fringed and tasseled, o'er their heads,

A zenith loop superbly holds

Its emerald, green, and purple folds.

'Tis changed! a city looms to sight,

With towers and temples shining white!

Behind it, snowy mountains rise—

Before, a foaming ocean lies,

And eager thoughts impetuous sweep

Fast downward to that yawning deep;

Then, pressing on the crumbling shore,

Drop off, and all are seen no more!

Their mansions melt in waning fire,

While fast the mount and sea retire.

The North! O, who can view aight,

But Ho who said, "Let there be light!"—

Himself a glorious mystery,

Throned in His calm sternity!

From the Boston Catechist.

DREAMS.

I am dreaming of days—of dear old days,

Long hid in the shadowy past;

And my heart is light, and my spirit free,

As the spell o' my soul is cast.

But a shadow falls, and there bursts a sigh

From my soul's most secret cell—

We have said "Farewell!" to those happy days,

Those days we loved so well.

I am dreaming of days—of coming days,

Where no shadow of grief shall fall;

Where the light of love with gladd'ning rays

Beams alike on the hearts of all;

And I turn my gaze from the 'long ago,'

With its memories of delight,

To those coming days, whose noonday glow

Shall be dimmed by no coming night.

I am dreaming of friends—of early friends,

Who were dearer than all to me;

And the freshness of youth again descends

With this blessed memory!

But my heart grows sad, and tears fall fast

For those friends of earlier hours,

Those warm, fresh hearts, those hands I clasped,

Are dust beneath the flowers.

I am dreaming of friends—of early friends,

Whom the future will restore,

In the land where each soul with its kindred blends,

To be part never more!

And my tears for the loved and lost shall cease,

For I know when this life is past,

With early friends, by the 'River of Peace,'

We shall wander together at last!

MARY.

THY WILL BE DONE.

They will be done! Oh, what a state

Of mock submission that implies!

That, disappointed, still can wait

In patience for the promised prize!

## The Liberator.

## THE SLAVE AUCTION.

They were born as slaves, through the iniquity of men. They are redeemed to be free men, through Christ Jesus.

BY DR. JOHN THOMAS KRAMER.

## THE LIBERATOR.

To excuse themselves, they say that, through the curse of the patriarch Noah, a whole race of men were made slaves forever. They are deaf to the great truth, that, thousands of years after the death of Noah, the great Liberator, Jesus Christ, appeared, and that he broke, by his death upon the Cross, all chains of slavery forever!

Let us return to the table of barbarity, and we will follow the course of proceedings at the public auction sale of one hundred and forty-nine of our fellow-men.

The auctioneer stands upon the platform: he is ready to sell any of these to the highest bidder for gold, silver, or approved paper. He calls himself a Christian. He seems to have no idea that he is going to perform an act which is the greatest blasphemy towards his Lord and Master. Is not any man, pretending to be a Christian, and selling his Christian brothers like horses, mules, dogs, a hypocrite? And is any man, calling himself a disciple of Christ, but favoring and seconding slave auctions, any better?

We will listen to the reading of the auctioneer, who is holding a paper in his right hand:—"I am authorized," he begins, "to sell to auction, one hundred and forty-nine plantation negroes, comprising carpenters, bricklayers, blacksmiths, coopers, drivers, house and field-hands. Families will be sold in block. These slave have been raised, and the larger portion of them were born on the estate of Minor R. Esq., who is retiring from the plantation interest on the Beau-Sous-Place. The slaves are considered as one of the most valuable and healthy gangs in the South. They will be guaranteed only in title. Terms of sale, one-third cash, balance at two and two years' credit, with interest of six per cent. per annum, until final payment. No slave will be delivered to the purchaser before date of adjudication. If the terms of sale are not completed within four days from date of sale, the slaves will be resold, for account and risk of former purchasers, after two days' advertisement in two of the city papers, without further notice of legal default."

No. 1. Harvey, field hand, about twenty years old, strong and very honest looking boy, brings \$1500; a very small price for a first-rate slave, but surely the price of blood for a man and a Christian!

No. 2. George Bedford, field hand, 30 years old, sold for \$1450.

No. 3. John Dowson, a carpenter, thirty-five years old, (afflicted with slight hernia,) an intelligent looking man, stands upon the platform.

But as the reader would get tired of listening to every word that the auctioneer of human souls says, we will stay with some of the poor creatures, merely giving the names, age, and the price of sale of the rest. The above named John Dowson was sold for \$1200.

No. 4. Alfred, cooper, (injured in left leg,) 19 years old, a strong and very honest looking boy, brings \$1500; a very small price for a first-rate slave, but surely the price of blood for a man and a Christian!

No. 5. George Bedford, field hand, 30 years old, sold for \$1400.

No. 6. Jim Ludlow, field hand, 30 years old, brings \$1400.

No. 7. Chap, field hand, 34 years, brings the round sum of \$1000.

No. 8. Henry Wood, 23 years old, for \$1375.

No. 9. Charles Longworth, plowman, and harness maker, age 35, value received, \$1300.

No. 10. March, field hand, 20 years old, fine looking fellow, splendid eyes, teeth white and even. They dandy there, who is lighting his cigar with a fashionable Parisian silver-match, would be glad to give his gold watch with chain, and his diamond brooch in the bargain, for March's beautiful set of spotless teeth. But how can we see them? Is March so much pleased as to show all his teeth? No, reader! he is very, very far from laughing. His eyes are east down; they are fixed upon the floor of the hall. But tell me why March shows his teeth? Our of rage? Yes, indeed, out of rage. Why?

There is a poor young woman at his side; they call her Caroline. A Christian minister gave her that name when she was christened. She is bitterly crying; she casts her eyes down upon the floor. Nancy, which was the name of the little girl, dropped silently her head; not a word came from her lips, but large drops fell from her eyes upon the grass. Bob took her hands in his, asking her tenderly, "Sis, what is the matter with you? Why will you cry?" "O Bob," sobbed she, "I am very unhappy—I wish to die." "Why, Nancy?" But Nancy gave no answer—all her limbs trembled, her eyes stared in agony towards the sugar-house. She has a fair waist, her hair is black and silky, and falling down in ringlets upon her fall shoulders. Her eyes are large, soft, and languishing. She seeks in vain to hide the streaming tears with small and delicate hands. Her features are fair, like those of the girls of the Caucasian race; they remind me of those of the highland girls of my native country, Switzerland. Who in all the world can have anything against her color? In England, she would be called a "star"; in France, a "belle"; in Germany, a "nice little woman"; and in the Free States, she would be called, for a "fair French lady." But, in the Slave States, she is openly sold, as though she were nothing more than a "beautiful mare" or a "splendid cow."

They say, in the Slave States, that they are Christians; yet they consider a fair Christian girl as a brute, because she is not of pure white blood! Why do they not make compaix with the slaves in the lower Mississippi? Have they not "white blood"?

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